

بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم



DMC CLASS OF 1985 DIGITAL MAGAZINE MARCH 2014

FAYYAZ AHMED SHEIKH: THE SCHOLAR OF D85

EDITED BY: SALEEM A KHANANI AND SAMEENA KHAN

بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم

انا الله وانا اليه راجعون

Another member of our class has lost a parent. Syed Razi Muhammad's mother left this mortal world to meet with her Creator in February 2014. Death is not unexpected but it is never easy for those left behind. Razi's mother had been ill for quite a while but she bore her illness with exemplary fortitude and patience. Her devoted family was around her during her last days. Razi was able to serve her during that tough period and, although children can never repay their parents, this must provide some comfort to him and the family.

Hundreds of Razi's friends and students posted messages of condolence and made dua for his mother on Facebook and via email. Our class extends heart-felt condolences to Razi and his family and we all join hands to make dua of forgiveness for his mother.

MOTHER

BY SALEEM A KHANANI

If I could
Then I would
Fly into the realms of imagination
Cross into the other world
The world of immortality
Of perennial young faces
And dancing souls
There I would see the face
That lulled me to sleep
And I would kiss those hands
Soft as the breeze of Heaven
That caressed my tender self
And say with my heart
Mother! I love you

موت، قبر، وقت اور آخرت

بھل میں ایک نہیں کے پیچے شریک جاتا ہے۔ وہ دن بھی کے لئے کوئی میں جلاںگ لگا جائے اور اسی سے اٹک جاتا ہے۔ اب نیو ریکٹا ہے تو کوئی کی کہراں میں ایک اولاد مان جاتا ہے۔ اتنے میں پچھے کالے اور سلیبرنگ کے کوئی کی ای کوئنے نہیں جاتے۔ پھر اپا اپکے ساتھی میں شہر کا پختہ خلیفہ ہے اور وہ شہر کا اٹلی سے زہان پر لگتا ہے۔ شہر کی خلاص سے اپر موجود ہے، پھر پختہ اولاد مان وہ پچھے بھلا دیتی ہے۔ وہ بھول جاتا ہے کہ آخر اس نے یقینی کرنا ہے۔ امام فاطمی تھے جیسے ہیں کہ اس میں پھر "موت" ہے جو وقت اسی کے پیچے ہے، اور اس "قبر" ہے جس شہر کی عالم میں چاہا ہے، وہ پڑتے "دن اور رات" ہیں جو تپاری زندگی (یہ) کو انتہا کر رہے ہیں اور وہ شہر "دنیا" ہے جس کو تھرا سا پچھوڑ کر کیں موت، قبر، وقت اور آخرت بھلا دیتے ہے۔

GUEST EDITORIAL

D85 Need To Be More Organized To Be Better Citizens Of The World

NADEEM ZAFAR

Oh how life has evolved! I had expected at this age to be firmly set in my career, busy with my family and pursuing my passions- travel, music and food. Who needs friends, a need from the distant past- when we did not have careers or children and did not have be relentless in our pursuit for professional and social elevation. That's what I thought but that's not how it has turned out to be! At this point in my life I am a very active member of my Dow Class of 1985 fraternity, my circle of cousins and also a larger face book group. While we must have a great time together and enjoy Allah's many Blessings on us and our loved ones, each one of us must also do a little to make this world a little better place for all, not just for our families and loved ones.

When a group of class fellows decided to come and stick together many years ago as the D85 fraternity, now 250 of them (out of 450 or so back in Dow), a bond was established. Our good friend Razi Muhammad recently lost her mother, ILWIAR. Razi is socially very interactive but had been missing from the scene for a while. We gradually came to know how great a teacher his mother was, a classic example of her own creative teaching is our friend Razi- a true humanitarian and above-board all those divisive forces that have shattered Pakistan into small islands of insecurity and hate. What was really assuring to see was the wide-spread sorrow that was seen throughout the D85 community at hearing about the death of a D85 mother. Alhamdolillah this community has come along a long way in its bondage of love.

A tradition which is now fairly well established in our fraternity is the group charity to support anyone of us who is passing through a personal challenge. What a great tradition for this fraternity to have for it ensures Allah's continued Blessing on all of us through strengthening the glue of love that holds us together. A trend that is recurrent is the support of the water for life program, sponsoring fresh water wells in Pakistan for those who do not have access to clean water. We have already done this to honor an infirm D85 spouse and are in the process of doing so for Razi's deceased mother. It is well known that the righteous children of a deceased parent are his/her best charitable legacy. In this case, Alhamdolillah, all of us have taken on this role in an ancillary capacity by helping each other care for all our parents and loved ones. I have complete and unwavering faith that Allah the Most Merciful and Compassionate will accept all such acts from us. A long term vision for the D85 fraternity is to set up examples for our own children who are always seeking cues from us for shaping their own lives. I truly and humbly pray to Allah that they will do better than us in every sphere of life and thus be a sadaqa I jaaria for all of us.

Recently we had discussed setting up funds to help the Khana Ghar project in Khuda Ki Basti Karachi, where hundreds are fed at a cost Rs. 4 per meal. The response from D85, received through our own listserv or the Facebook page was overwhelmingly positive. We are easily in a position to provide hundreds of meals a day to the poor and needy in Karachi but we do not

have our own bank account in place in Karachi and cannot expect other organizations to route our funds for us. We also need our own not for profit (501-3C) status in the US and a bank account to collect funds through tax-deductible contributions. This would then be an incentive for D85 UK to do the same. During a recent trip to Pakistan Afzal Saeed and I had met a banker who had promised to help set up our charitable bank account after receiving due paperwork from the D85 board members in Karachi. I had also received pledges from a friend for secretarial help for D85 needs. The time is ripe for D85 Karachi to get together as soon as possible and have this bank account set up so that we could start routing monies to Karachi for not just new projects like Khana Ghar, but also to infuse fresh cash for capital fund needs for our radiology project at Civil Hospital Karachi. We already have enough funds available to hire and retain an attorney to help with the D85 logistic needs in Karachi. We just need a few of colleagues to help move the process along so that we could continue to make a difference in the life of many more than we do right now through the D85 fraternity.

**وتعاونوا على البر والتقوى ولا تعاونوا على الإثم
والعدوان واتقوا الله إن الله شديد العقاب**

AND HELP ONE ANOTHER IN ACTS OF GOODNESS AND PIETY, AND DO NOT HELP ONE ANOTHER IN SIN AND AGGRESSION; AND BE MINDFUL OF YOUR DUTY TO ALLAH; SURELY ALLAH IS SEVERE IN REQUITING EVIL

وقال رسول الله صلى الله عليه وسلم
الMuslim أخو Muslim، لا يظلمه، ولا يسلمه، ومن كان في حاجة أخيه،
كان الله في حاجته، ومن فرج عن Muslim كربلة، فرج الله عنه كربلة من كربات يوم القيمة،
ومن ستر Muslimاً، ستره الله يوم القيمة
رواه البخاري ومسلم

A MUSLIM IS BROTHER TO ANOTHER MUSLIM. HE DOES NOT DO ANY INJUSTICE TO HIM, NOR DOES HE FORSAKE HIM. WHOEVER TRIES TO FULFIL THE NEED OF HIS BROTHER, ALLAH WILL FULFIL HIS NEEDS. WHOEVER RELIEVES A MUSLIM FROM HIS DISTRESS, ALLAH WILL RELIEVE HIM FROM DISTRESS ON THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT. WHOEVER CONCEALS THE FAULTS OF A MUSLIM, ALLAH WILL CONCEAL HIS FAULTS ON THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT.

FAYYAZ AHMED SHAIKH

One of the most well-known and high achievers of D85, Fayyaz Ahmed Shaikh is the personality of the month. We present a few tributes to him by some of our class fellows and close friends of Fayyaz. The editors thank Izhar Khan, Abdul Jabbar, Irfan Sabih, Asifa Hussain and Haneef Haji for their articles.

A tribute by Izhar Khan

I first met Fayyaz in DJ College in 1976 and was immediately taken by his phenomenal ability to memorise course work. I got the impression that here was a chap who was destined to achieve great things. We soon became good friends and along with our other great DJ colleague Abdul Jabbar, set ourselves the challenge to secure the first three positions in the Intermediate Board exams for DJ and beat arch-rival Adamjee College. There was a healthy academic competition between the three of us and I was always in awe of Fayyaz and Abdul Jabbar and I knew that they were likely to achieve their goals. Of the three of us Abdul Jabbar was placid, quietly industrious and modest and both Fayyaz and I respected him for his unassuming and humble demeanour. Fayyaz, however, was slick and always ahead; like a fast computer he knew the answers almost before a question was put to him. I on the other hand was mostly interested in extra-curricular activities and perhaps spent too much time day dreaming, playing chess for a rupee a game with our late lamented friend Jamshed (may his soul rest in peace), and table tennis with Anwar Mullah, another remarkable Dowite himself.

A day before the Intermediate Board results were announced, it was Fayyaz who phoned me with the news that all three of us had indeed secured the top positions in the exams. The next few days were spent in a dizzy haze of ineffable delight and satisfaction.

In Dow we somewhat drifted apart in the heady, idealistic and exciting atmosphere of student politics but our paths kept crossing and we held a mutual respect for each other and kept our healthy academic rivalry going. After Dow our ways parted and we both ended up in Britain where Fayyaz has established himself as a leading expert in neurology and in particular as an expert in the field of headache.

Last year on a lovely autumn's day I took time to visit the Treetops Hilton Hotel in Aberdeen and waited for Fayyaz in the lobby. He was chairing a national Neurology meeting and had earlier sent me a message by text informing me of his trip to Aberdeen. We met after almost thirty years and I took him home where we spent a few hours over cups of coffee reminiscing and recalling our days spent in DJ and Dow. As in most such occasions we discussed how to put the world to right and I discovered how my friend's views on life religion and politics had changed over time. Age has taken its toll on us all and there is not the same spring in our steps when we were young, however, this man's brain has not aged a bit. His phenomenal memory, which first impressed me all those years ago in DJ college was as preserved as ever. Later that night as I bid him farewell at Aberdeen train station the images of all those years in Karachi, DJ and Dow flashed before my eyes and for a time I found myself stricken with nostalgia for days gone by. I do hope we meet again soon.

فیاض (حضرت شیخ) ڈھوندوں کا سہارا

فیاض سے یہاڑی اولین ملاقات میڈیل کا بھر کے ہے سال میں ہوئی۔ ایس بہت ہی مخفی کامی کا سانوں اور موڑے فرعمی میں تھے۔ بھیجے جھپٹے نوبوان فی یہ ظاہری شخصیت اپ کو ایک طور پر بھی متوجہ ہیں تھے۔ ہاں یہ خبر فوب گرم تھی کہ یہ صاحب انشر کے امکان میں پوزیشن ہو گا۔ یہ جیسا کمال تھا جو یقیناً ہمیں حادثاً یا معمراً کے زریعے ڈاؤ میڈیل کا بھر میں پہنچ جیتا تھا اس پہاڑ جیسے کوڈس کی تکمیل کے لئے پنج سالہ سیما رے میں تلاش میں تھا۔ چنانچہ اب یہاڑی اولین مشن اس عالم فاضل کا قرب حاصل ہر ناچھا۔ وہ یہاں اوقات تھے جس نے یہیں فیاض کے قریب تر دیا اس کی تکمیل پر کبھی۔ لیکن جوں جوں ہم اس کے قریب آتے لئے اس کی دلاؤیز اور ریتی ہی شخصیت کے یہیں ہم کا گروہر کہا ہے دیا۔ فردت نے ذہانت تو اس میں کوٹ تورٹ تر بھری دی تھی اور باقی مولووف RETALIN کی گولیاں باقاعدگی سے استعمال کرتے کہ پڑھائی لکھائی کے لئے ۲۴ گھنٹے کا دن ان کے لئے ناکافی تھا۔ اپنے اس رات دل کی محنت کا ملہ وہ بڑی تندی اور شوق سے کلاس کی ترکیوں کو ٹیکش پڑھا کر لے لیا کرتے تھے۔ اس عمل کے درود اور روز ایس نئی لڑکی پر بڑی طرح عاشق ہو جاتے تھے اور پھر رات کی بیٹھک میں اپنی امنتوں کا نیا کارنامہ یہیں سننے لوملتا۔ اس کیفیت میں وہ جب سرور میں آتے تو اپنی محنت سے بنائے ہوئے Notes پر سے توجع صدھ جاتی اور ہم یہاں چالائی سے ایکس چراے کو ٹلو اسٹیڈ کر لیا کرتے جس کا علم ایکس شیل آج تک نہ ہو۔ لیکن یہ حقیقت ہے کہ یہاڑی کی امکانات میں کامیابی کا سہرا فیاض کے ہمراٹ یوئے Notes کو جاتا ہے۔

عمران سعیم
(بھڑانیہ)



Fayyaz Sheikh: A Friend for All

By Abdul Jabbar

I have known Fayyaz since our nursery at Tiny Tots in Kharadar, Karachi. We used to sit next to each other in classroom and many may not know that since that time he proved himself an ambitious young kid who had the passion to get the best out of his time and energy spent. He was one of the hardest working people I have met in my life. From his childhood, he took his studies and education very seriously and remained a stellar student, always getting outstanding grades and positions from school till medical college. Many of us may not know that he was a born singer and used to sing at the desk with maybe a couple of friends around him even during our time in Tiny Tots.

We met again at the DJ College where I saw the same young man but much more zealous and striving to keep at the top of list. And finally we all were in D85 and the struggle continued. We both were very close and good friends but still in competition.

I found him a very sincere, honest and caring friend who would go to any extent for his friends and fellow beings. Spending time in his company was a gift that you would never get bored. The one thing which annoyed me the most was his smoking which Alhamdolillah he has been able to quit now.

His energy was matchless; he could work for days with 3-4 hours of sleep especially during the exams, just because he did not like to be second to any other student at college and as I understand even in life. But for that energy he would be taking help from tea, coffee and smoking, which I always advised him against.

Fayyaz was not only one of the best in studies but unlike me, was a lead in social circles, college politics, class activities and well appreciated for his help by foreign students in the class.

As planned, immediately after our house job we left for UK and then lost contact with each other for a long time. We met again when he visited Pakistan a couple of times but came closer when he was here for his mother's serious illness. The same ambition led him to be a lead Neurologist and a consultant in the NHS system where very few would rise to that rank.

He was always full of life, boisterous, fun, cheerful and had a wonderful sense of humor. He took every task very seriously and pursued excellence with unequivocal determination and perseverance. As far as I am concerned he remains one of the brightest stars of D85 and I am proud to say that he is and will always remain my friend

A MAN CALLED FAYYAZ

BY SALEEM A KHANANI

Like most of our class fellows I came to know Fayyaz after our journey to becoming the future Messiahs started in 1978 at our alma mater. A member of the awesome intellectual trio of our class, Fayyaz looked like an average teenager from Karachi. Yet behind the façade of simplicity, there was a budding scholar whose friendliness and humility covered his intellectual brilliance. As I got to know him more I realized that he was not average. Our clinical groups attended the pathology and pharmacology tutorials together in the third and fourth years bringing the members closer. Our year together during the house job converted a friendly rivalry into a long lasting friendship.

Fayyaz is the youngest in the family with two elder brothers and two sisters. His father was an accountant while his mother was a housewife. He hailed from a humble background living in a suburb of Karachi called Kharadar, a place known for its Memons, Shias and Gujratis whose first generation engaged in business but the younger members were aspiring higher education in the local schools. Fayyaz's parents migrated from Chiniot, Punjab in the late 60's belonging to the Chiniot Sheikh family who were the major inhabitants of Chiniot for many decades before the 70's and then migrated to Karachi. His hard-working father earned enough to feed the family and his children were all educated in government school. His farsighted mother was keen that her children got better education and hoped they would be competitive enough to make their own future. She always wanted her children to be the best in every way and would not accept any less than the very best. This certainly put pressure on Fayyaz to perform to her expectation. The credit of his academic success belongs to his parents; a father who provided a perfect platform, and a mother who was the vital source of all the motivation. His two brothers are businessmen in Karachi while one sister is a freelance journalist and writes for sUrdu magazines

Fayyaz married Nilofar, an SMC graduate of 1991 in October 1991. It was an arranged marriage. Bhabhi Nilofar has been his perfect foil for over 22 years and has survived so all the credit goes to her. The couple has a beautiful daughter whom the proud father calls his angel and she remains the biggest motivation for him today and for the future to come. Nilofar is a GP in a local surgery and works part time. Rabail, the daddy's angel, goes to Hymers College and is currently in year 4. She, Fayyaz tells me, will not go to sleep without dad.

Fayyaz swam through PLAB in 1988, MRCP in 1989, FMGEMS in 1992 and was awarded FRCP in 2000. As if medicine was not enough he got MBA with distinction in 2010 where he broke the 50 year university record of achieving 78% marks in aggregate in all the modules and dissertation. Next target was MRCP Neurology in 2011 and this is not the end. He is currently doing masters in Medical Education at Hull University.

Fayyaz's interest is headache disorders and he has risen to the highest level of expertise and fame. He has been the president of the British Association for the Study of Headache for three years, and just finished his tenure in 2013. He is a Trustee of the Migraine International Trust, Director of the European Headache Federation, headache subcommittee of the Association of

British Neurologists, Trustee of Dow Graduates Association for Northern Europe (DOGANE), and represents UK in the International Headache Society which is the largest headache organisation in the world.

His major achievements in research have been the pioneering work in the treatment of migraine with Botox and research with non-invasive neurostimulation in treating migraines.

During our house job I got to know Fayyaz more personally. I had always admired his ability to comprehend and memorize the critical content of medical sciences, and his hand writing was probably the best in our class. Now was the time to see his organizational skills. He was punctual to the point of religiosity and was extremely organized in his activities. We went on a ten day tour of the country during our house job in medicine. Khalid Ahmed and Abdul Jabbar were the other members of the touring party. Fayyaz had planned everything paying details to everything that was needed and even anticipated any hurdles that we might face.

There was a gap of almost two decades after I moved to the USA but one fine evening while relaxing at home in my leisurely Sofa in a typical Memon style and posture I started thinking about Fayyaz Ahmed Sheikh for no apparent reason. An hour later the phone rang in a tone that sounded heavenly. The voice on the other end was music to my ear, a disentanglement to the random but nostalgic remembrance of a dear friend, and, more so, an answer to my unvoiced prayers. It was Fayyaz Ahmed Sheikh calling from Albany, just two hours away. Less than 49 hours and 59 seconds later we were hugging each other in the driveway of my home that was lit more by the happiness of a friendly reunion than the lights on the garage door and the moonlit sky watching over in wondrous amazement. Salahuddin and Sherry joined in for a sumptuous Memon cuisine. Photo session followed before we bid farewell to each other.

Little did we realize that less than a year later we will be chatting again in the picturesque sunroom of Khalid Mazhar's house eating oven baked tasty chicken Samosas prepared by Michelle Bhabhi the ever busy hostess. Once again the inseparable duo of Salahuddin and Sherry provided the privilege of their company. The Iranian dinner followed by home-made dessert and green tea enlivened an unforgettable evening.

Over the course of these two meetings we bridged the gap of over two decades and established our relationship again. Since then we have remained in contact with each other thanks to the Class newsgroup and Facebook.

Fayyaz is undoubtedly the scholar of medicine in our class but he is a great guy and friend whose desire to remain connected with his friends and class fellows has brought many of us together.

FAYYAZ AS I KNEW HIM

BY ASIFA HUSSAIN: A GROUP MATE

The person I am going to write about is well known to everyone. He is well known in our class due to being one of the position holders and for his excellent performance in his career. I came to know him more closely after our clinical group was formed in the third year. He was a simple and quiet boy who was very much focused on his studies. We used to sit in the canteen and chat while Fayyaz would try to avoid it and spend more time in the library. During our clinical postings his interactions with the patients seemed to be less but his grades were excellent and that shows how observant he was and it also reflects his academic approach.

His personality was deep like an ocean but calm and quiet on the surface. Whenever needed any help he was always willing to help out no matter what the problem was. Whenever we got stuck during the course of studies, he would come forward to solve our issues.

After graduation he did MRCP in 1989, MD in 1992, got FRCP in 2000, and MBA from Hull University in 2009. And he did not sit quiet after all this and went on to do MRCP in neurology in which he specializes now.

I wish him a bright future and successful life. In academics he will also shine among his peers. His lectures and research are sources for guidance for medical students and young doctors. He is an asset to our country and I am proud to be among his class fellows.

A LIFE LONG-LONG FRIENDSHIP

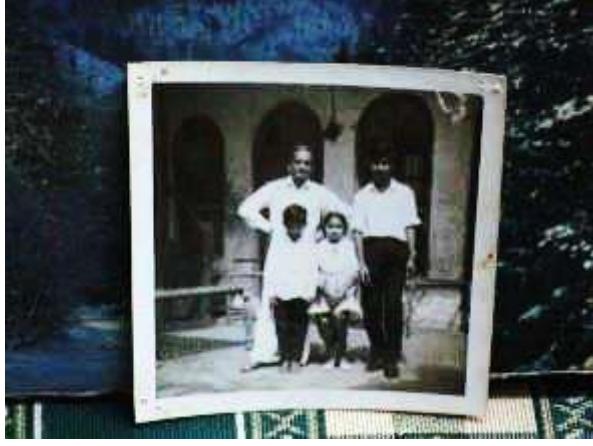
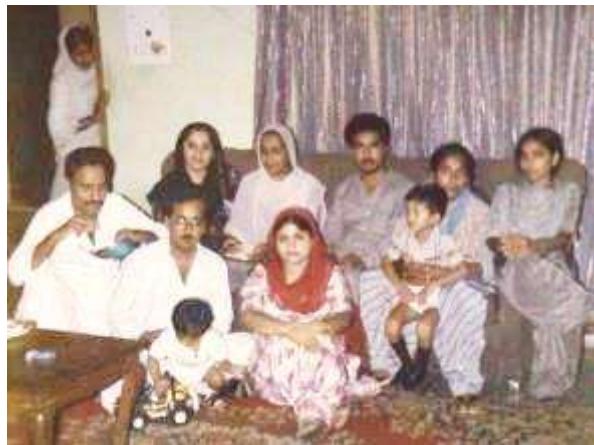
HANIF HAJEE SIDDIQUE

It is an immense pleasure to write about one of my oldest friend's, Dr. Fayyaz Ahmed Sheikh, who is now an eminent neurologist in the UK. It is very difficult to write only a few phrases about him as our companionship started in 1985 when I first met him as he was submitting his documents to one of the clerks of Dow Medical College. I came to know that he was one of the position holders of our batch. He introduced himself to me and it was beyond my imagination that one day we would be very close to each other. I liked him not only because he was very academic but he was also interested in other non-academic activities, something not common in position-holders. He was an entirely different person from what I expected. We became very close during the clinical years being in the same group. We would study together at my house, and we would choose to study in my room as it was on the top floor of our house, which meant that Fayyaz could sneak up to the terrace to smoke cigarettes. He would bring his own sweet-salty tea in his flask to my house which at first I found incredibly strange. As time went on it grew on me as well. Fayyaz always had remarkable stamina for long study hours. I was lucky to have Fayyaz with me – a person who would help me study and provide good company not only in the academic sense, but also with great conversations on any other topic you could think of.

He was brilliant at doing impressions of other people, which would entertain us for hours on end during our study breaks. He has been gifted by God with extraordinary memory, and still remembers most of the important events at DMC. His talents were not limited to medicine, but he had a great talent in maths and accountancy. This came in handy during the Hygiene tour when he managed all the financials and controlled our spending within the budget. In the second professional, we went on a trip to Swat, hiking in Naran and Kagan valleys. To this day, it remains to be one of the most memorable trips I have had with Fayyaz, who was inexperienced at hiking and almost comically scared. Finally we graduated and most of our colleagues ended up being separated, but we did not. I, Musa, Ehtesham and Fayyaz met up again at the Quaid-e-Azam Hostel at Earl's Court, UK, where we studied together for membership examination. Once again we scattered, as few colleagues left for the US and Ireland while went to Saudi Arabia. Somehow we managed stay in contact, and Fayyaz and his wife visited us in Saudi Arabia when he came for Umrah. I then visited England and stayed with him with my family.

Fayyaz' vision about Dow medical college and civil hospital is to make it a highly reputable and modern medical centre, and for this noble task, he has tried his best to engage our colleagues in the UK to initiate some constructive projects. He has given a lot of time to this cause arranging dinners and lunches and contributing generously. A friendship that started in 1985 remains strong to this day. We are still the closest of friends and frequently meet with our families. I am so proud to have a friend like Fayyaz, who is not only ambitious and dedicated, but is also a kind-hearted and selfless person.

FAYYAZ : A LOOK AT THE PAST



FAYYAZ WITH FRIENDS



FAYYAZ IN MASSACHUSETTS JUNE 2013



AND IN KARACHI 12/2013



AISHA IDRIS D87

A Lovely bride

The lonely girl was tired,
The waiting game all over;
She'll finally become a bride,
An end to a bumpy ride!
Arid land thirsty, all dried,
Lusty showers will then hide,
The passion that has died,
Sacred emotions compromised.
Feeling numb, going through motions
The parents now aside,
Don't leave me dad, she cried
Ma don't cry, she smiled
Hansi khusi kar do widah.....
And then the car drived,
Confused, shy, bewildered
Hesitant, she entered,
A new life thence discovered.
Now novelty took over,
Blushing beauty feels smothered!
The boy she betrothed,
Has turned into a stranger.
At dawn the morning breeze whispered,
Girl you have to become stronger,
Or face a big disaster;
A woman has taken over,
The lonely, lovely bride.
May God be always with her!
And no one can replace her;
Yesterday's fragile bride;
Is now a strong Mother.

SAMINA KHAN D 85

ریا کار

جهوٹی آنکھیں کالا دل اور اجلا چہرہ
میٹھا لہجہ نرم ہنسی، اور پتھر دل
پر ہوتھوں سے پیار کے نغمے جاری ہیں
امن و امان کے گیت سنائے جاتے ہیں

دل میں ان کے زبر بھرا ہے، نفرت ہے
باہر لیکن الفت کے رنگوں سے بنی
رنگ برنگی چادر اوڑھے بھرتے ہیں
دنیا کو دیوانہ بنائے جاتے ہیں

S

دھوکے اور فریب کی دنیا کے باسی¹
جیب میں خنجر دل میں نفرت
ذہن میں سازش کا انبار
اسے جیتے ہیں جیسے کوئی مردار
اپنا لاشہ سرخ کفن میں اپنے کندھے پر لادے
ایک بے کار فضول سفر پہ جاتا ہو
بے منزل گھنگھور انھیں
جس کا کوئی انت نہیں ہے

قمبر رضا نقوی

SYED KHALID ANWER DOW 1986

I pick up the pen and begin
Liberating my thoughts buried within

I watch my hand move to and fro
My unconscious takes control

I enter a dream world
Entranced in a blurr

The ink rushes out
Filling the page without a trace of doubt

I forget those around me
Enjoying this new company

For I have never been this free
Exploring worlds endlessly

The pen falls out of my hand
I risk a glance

And as I read back what I have wrote
Time slows

I read it again and again
It doesn't make sense

How I could written this piece
Full of wisdom and creativity

I sit back still in awe
That's what poetry does after all

لکھنے لگنا ہوں اگر شعر تو یہ بہوتا ہے
میرے احساس کے پردازے پہ اک تصویر اپہر آتی ہے
لفظ پھر ناچھے بین پیربن خوشبو ہوکر
تبہ میں موضوع کی پھر تفصیل نظر آتی ہے
باتھے میں لیکے قلم ناچھے لگنا ہوں میں
اور کاغذ پہ بس تصویر اُتر آتی ہے
دیکھتا رہتا ہوں الفاظوں کی پریوں کا چلن
جس کو چاہوں وہی بس چشم بسر آتی ہے
حالتِ وجد میں وہ رقص بوا کرتا ہے
جسمِ رقصیدہ میرے سامنے تھراقی ہے
نئنے لگنا ہوں خیالوں کے میں تانے بانے
جاگنے خواب مجھے آتے بین دھانے دھانے
میں انہیں خوابوں سے کچھ رنگ چرا لیتا ہوں
جو بھی چاہتا ہوں پھر تصویر بنا لیتا ہوں
لوگ کہتے ہیں بہت اچھا لکھا تھا میں نے
بہوتا حیران ہوں کہ کیسے لکھا تھا میں نے
میں تو تصویر کی تصویر کی تصویر میں تھا
جادو کیسے جگا گلداستہ تحریر میں تھا
تیرتے قلزم الفاظ میں ربو قمر
جو سوچ میں بھی نہ ہو سوچتے ربو قمبر

A POEM BY A DOWITE DAUGHTER

Just then a tear crossed the line

Anum Anwer

(Syed Khalid Anwer's daughter)

In the corner of my eye I see a flicker of light
To my surprise and delight
I find snowflakes falling from the bright sky

Mysterious colours fill the air
Like fireworks everywhere
I look around and smile

“Grandma!- I hear a shout and spin around
Nearly falling to the ground
I guess I had been found

My grandson beamed at me
It was time to read
As I found my seat

My fragile fingers scaled the book with ease
My grandson sat by my knees
The words escaped my heart raced and my head
began to ache

I couldn't let him down, I couldn't let him down
“Stupid old woman” seemed to drown all sound
As my grandson left the ground

I turned to my husband frantic for support
I was distraught
Black ink took over his face- he was fading away

“Nick!” I screamed
It all felt like a sickening dream
One that I wished I could leave

All around me lamp posts were turning into
miniature seas
The flowers grew taller than trees
Monkeys were smaller than bees

I sat down at the hospital
Uncertain of what I was to hear
Clenching my teeth in fear

“Mrs Field, we suspect Age related macular
degeneration in both of your eyes, it's a disease...”
The doctor began
He said it with such ease; it was almost like he was
pleased

“But it will be alright” I heard him say
How I wish they don't lie to people
At this stage

I took a deep breath, trying to bottle it up inside
Forcing myself not to cry
Just then a tear crossed the line

Down by the river, we found light
Down by the river, we found life
Down by the river, your eyes reached mine for the
first time.

شادی شدہ دوستوں کیلئے

ایک خوبصورت بات

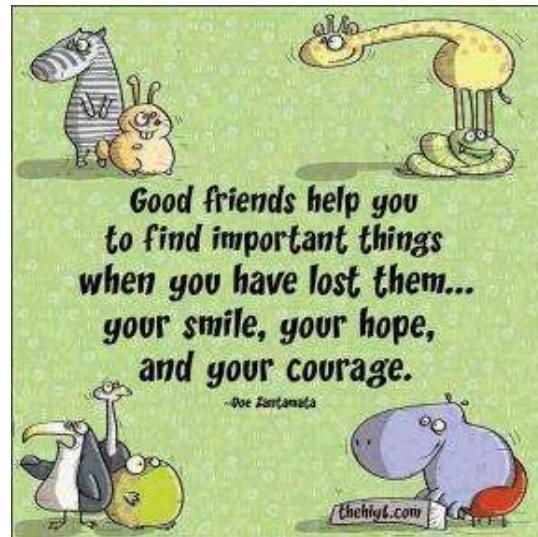
بیوی اگر غصہ کرنے لگے تو
اُس کو صرف اتنا کہہ دو
بڑھاپے میں تو غصہ آہی جاتا ہے
آئندہ غصہ کرنے سے پہلے
ایک بار سوچ گی ضرور

کیا آپ جانتے ہیں؟

صرف شادی ایسا زخم ہے
جس پر چوت لگنے سے
پہلے ہلڈی لگائی
جاتی ہے



Argument with a woman is like reading the Software License Agreement. At the end, you ignore everything and click 'I agree'



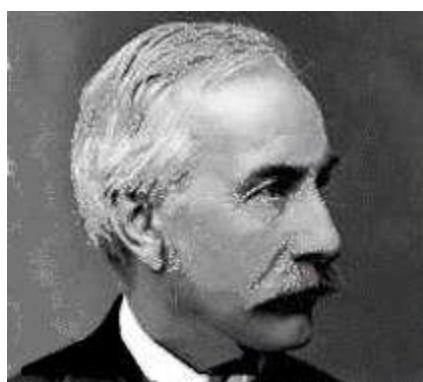
Karachi: Scinde Dawk pioneering postage stamps

Sohail Ansari Dow 1983

The postal history of India is very interesting and Karachi has a unique place in it. Here, I will highlight the milestones of philately relating to Karachi both before and following the creation of Pakistan.

Even in thirteenth century there was some form of postal deliveries in India. The earliest reference to an official postal system in India was made in the 14th century by the Arab traveller and historian Ibn Baṭṭūṭah, remarking upon the organized official service of mounted couriers and runners. There were 'horse runners' for speedy deliveries and there were foot runners called 'Harkara' who were the mainstay of the postal services. As can be imagined the task was difficult as well as dangerous travelling through the forests amidst the wild animals. The services were not accessible to the common men and were expensive in its early centuries. The network of post relays with changing horses at caravan sarais (inns) was established by the emperor Sher Shah Suri in the early 16th century. The Mughals and particularly Akbar organised the system to improve the postal service by means of horse couriers between Agra and Kabul and camels for the deserts; thus setting up regular routes and improved access.

In 1688, East India Company introduced the system of post offices in Bombay, Madras and Calcutta, such that all the mail would be brought in the post offices where it was sorted out in different bags according to destination. These bags were sealed with company seals which only the chiefs at different places were allowed to open. Two centuries of political turmoil, without a strong central authority, destroyed this postal and courier system. It was not until 1766 that an official post was re-established by Lord Clive to serve a new ruling power. Warren Hastings made it available for general public use in 1774. Further reforms in 1774 meant the postal rates were determined by the weight and distance of the post. The fee charged was two annas per hundred miles. Copper tokens were minted as a way of payment. Post office act of 1837 provided the Governor General of India exclusive rights of conveying letters by post within the territories of East India Company, thereby granting Imperial Post a monopoly.



Sir Bartle Frere

One of the tasks for Sir Bartle Frere on taking over as the Chief Commissioner of Sindh in 1850 was to modernise and reform the postal system. That brought in the first Indian stamps under the auspices of Scinde Dawk introduced from Karachi. The efficiency improved when in 1851 the runners were replaced by horses and camels following planned established routes. The mail was carried quickly and efficiently, connecting government offices and post offices between Karachi, Hyderabad, Shikarpur and Sukkur. The common man could use the facility which included delivery of the letters to the door.

With the help of Edward Lees Coffey, Postmaster of Karachi, the first postage stamps of India were designed. Those prepaid stamps were issued on 1st July 1852. It bore the Merchant's Mark of East India Company, embossed on wafers of circular red sealing wax impressed on paper at a value of one-half anna. The design on the stamps depicts a heart-shaped device divided into three segments, each containing one of the letters E.I.C. of the East India Company. Above this is the figure 4 and below you have the value $\frac{1}{2}$ anna. The whole design is further enclosed in a circular belt with the inscription "Scinde district dawk" in capital letters. In the lower part of the belt is a buckle. India, thus, became the tenth country in the world and first in Asia to issue postage stamps. These were the world's first circular stamps. This brought in a cheap and uniform rate of postage. This was a hallmark in the history of postage that initiated from Karachi.



The design underwent further modifications to improve its quality. These stamps are found in three different colours: red, white and blue. For long it has been held that the stamps were first printed in red on brittle vermillion wafers which were formally used as a seal on letters.

The red stamps, however, were found to be too brittle for postal use and therefore a new supply was embossed without colour on whitish or bluish paper. In the second printing light blue lines were introduced to give some uniformity in margins between two stamps. These stamps were also found unsuitable because when fixed on a white cover they were not easily noticeable to postal clerks working at night in candle light.



Not satisfied with the local printing, Sir Bartle Frere sent the design to England, and asked for the stamps to be printed in blue. In 1852, the Postmaster General of Karachi received 10,000 stamps. These orders were repeated till almost 50,000 of them were in circulation. Therefore, a fresh order was placed in England to emboss them in blue. By the time these stamps arrived, another order was issued in September 1854 that the Scinde Dawk stamps should be withdrawn as stamps were being introduced on an all-India basis following the successful launch of stamps by Scinde Dawk. However, it seems the withdrawal order was not fully implemented as the Scinde Dawk stamps which remained in use for almost two years from July 1, 1852, to September 30, 1854, were still being used in 1856. In June 1856, the then Director-General of the Posts, India, received a letter addressed to him which had the Scinde Dawk stamps affixed on it. He immediately took notice of the situation and the balance stock was destroyed by the collector of Karachi.



The first All India Stamp was brought out in October 1854 by Captain HL Thuillier, deputy surveyor general of survey office, Calcutta. It had a denomination value of $\frac{1}{2}$ anna and had Queen Victoria's head on it. Railway mail service was brought in and sea mail service introduced from India to Great Britain and China in the same year.



From 1855 to 1926, stamps were printed in England by De La Rue and Co., and the inscription on stamps was East India Postage. In 1877, when Queen Victoria assumed the title of Empress of India, the inscription was changed to India Postage. A new printing press established in Nasik, north east of Bombay and all stamps since 1926 have been printed there.

Curiously for Scinde Dawk, there is only one unused stamp left that has not been cancelled, which is in the British Royal Collection and not for sale.

Even though the British established the post office for their own imperial interests, it became one of the great drivers of social development along with the railways and telegraph.



The Telegraph and Post Office of Karachi was designed by Captain P. Phelps and built on McLeod Road (1870s).

At independence, it was not possible for the freshly created state of Pakistan to issue new postage stamps. The post office was part of the joint Department of Posts and Telegraph of the Ministry of Communications. Therefore British Indian stamps continued to be used until later that year when the government issued overprinted stamps. Known as "Nasik Overprints," Pakistan first stamps were released on 1 October 1947 as a set of 19 stamps from the 1940s British India series of King George VI stamps. The overprint: "Pakistan" was applied at the security printing press at Nasik. Machine overprinting of all available stock was not possible, therefore, local hand stamped overprints were used at various post offices. The first printing was done at Nasik and later eight plates were made at Lahore from the photographs of the Nasik

overprints. The hybrid printing was done in Karachi as well using the same ink. The early prints from Karachi have a very close resemblance to Nasik.

These Nasik overprints were also used in some Gulf states including Muscat, Oman, Gwadar and Dubai. Since the postal system of some of these areas was run from Karachi, it became the responsibility of the new government at the time of partition.



The first commemorative issue was released on 9 July 1948. Consisting of 4 stamps, it depicted 2 places in Karachi: its airport and Constituent Assembly. The stamps were inscribed "15 August 1947" because of the prevailing confusion as to which date was Pakistan's actual date of independence. These stamps were cancelled once the date was determined to be 14th August which became a case of first day cancellation. The denominations of these stamps were 1 1/2 anna, 2 1/2 anna, 3 anna and Re. 1. These stamps were designed by Rashid Uddin, Muhammad Latif and Abdul Rehman Chughtai and were printed at De La Rue and Co. in London.



The first definitive set consisting of 20 stamps was released on 14th August 1949 depicting Karachi Port Trust building, Sukkur (Lloyd's) Barrage, Dhaka University and crescent and star.



Two 1948-52 stamps of Pakistan.

In 1952, both India and Pakistan celebrated the centenary of the release of postage stamps and issued stamps to commemorate the event. The Pakistani stamps depicting camels and aeroplanes symbolised the progress made in transporting the mail.



These are thus the accounts of philately and Karachi both in the early days of British Raj and the early days of Pakistan highlighting the city's role and significance.

The liver in Urdu and Persian Poetry: Science and Spirituality

By Dr Saleem A Khanani

The metaphorical reference to body parts in Eastern literature is well known. The holy Quran mentions terms like وَجْهُ اللَّهِ (literally Allah's face) and يَدُ اللَّهِ (literally Allah's hand) that have been interpreted both literally and metaphorically.

The use of various body parts in Urdu and Persian poetry lends itself to both literal and metaphorical explanations. Sometimes various symbols are used referring to body parts. For example, rose often refers to the face or the rosy cheeks of the beloved.

I find the various references to liver and composite words like سوز جگر quite interesting and deserving of a proper study. I will look at it in pathophysiological terms.

Many of the Urdu and Persian poets drank wine or were familiar with its effect on people and their bodies. The mystical poets use wine as a feeling of intoxication resulting from being in love especially a feeling of being in the company of the beloved or being completely lost in the beloved.

من تو شدم تو من شدی
من تن شدم تو جان شدی
تا کس نگوید بعد از این
من دیگرم تو دیگری

I have become you, and you me,
I am the body, you soul;
So that no one can say hereafter,
That you are someone, and me someone else.
Hazrat Ameer Khusro Dehlvi (1253-1325 AD)

They feel in a different, surreal and metaphysical world with no barriers. In this state they experience disinhibition just like someone under the influence of alcohol. The poetic license allows them to say what would constitute blasphemy if written in prose.

The other feeling they experience is one resulting from separation of the beloved. Here we come across phrases and verses I like (خون جگر, سوز جگر) (the burning of liver, the blood of liver).

جگر کی آگ سے اس دل کو جلتا دیکھتے جائو
ای آتش سودای تو خون کرده جگرها
بر باد شدہ در سر سودای تو سرها

O the fire of love you have made the liver turn into blood
Many heads have been destroyed in love

جگر چہلنی ہے دل گھبرا رہا ہے

It is probable that the poets were aware of the alcohol induced liver toxicity and its physical manifestation.

خون جگر could very well refer to hematemesis resulting from esophageal varices, a common occurrence due to portal hypertension.

سوز جگر could be due to epigastric burning, retrosternal burning or discomfort from alcoholic hepatitis. Could جگر چہلنی (riddled liver) be the pathological description of micronodular cirrhosis? The connection between the heart and the liver was well known to the learned poets.

چشم مخمور تو دارد ز دلم قصد جگر
ترک مست است مگر میل کبابی دارد
دل سے تیری نگاہ جگر تک اتر گئی
حیران ہوں دل کو روئوں کہ پیٹوں جگر کو میں

The return of venous blood from the liver to the heart and the effects of liver disease on the heart can be found in poetry such as

دلی کو عاشق رویت نباشد
همیشه غرقه در خون جگر باد

A heart that does not fall into your face
Shall forever be drowned in the blood from the liver

از تو دل ار سفر کند با تپش جگر کند

If your heart travels it does so due to the burning of liver

The process of detoxification or purification of blood by the liver was not hidden from the astute intellect of the Persian giant Hafiz.

نماز در خم آن ابروان محرابی
کسی کند که به خون جگر طهارت کرد

Offering prayers in the archway of those curved eyebrows
Can only be done by one who makes ablution by the blood from the liver.

طهارت ار نه به خون جگر کند عاشق
به قول مفتی عشقش درست نیست نماز

If the lover does not purify himself from the blood dripping from the liver
His prayer will not be correct according to the jurist of love

An interesting couplet by Rumi throws light upon the strength that the liver signifies compared with the delicate heart

شمس تبریز این دل آشفته
بر جگر بسته است نام تو را

Shams Tabriz this frantic heart
Has itched your name on the liver

The heart is the seat of tender emotions but the liver is the powerhouse of fire that can consume the entire personality of the beloved. The indifference of the beloved sets the liver on fire.

چون دهانت بسته باشد در جگر آتش بود

As your mouth was sealed a fire was set ablaze in the liver.

مراد دل کجا جوید بقای جان کجا خواهد
دو چشم عشق پرآتش که در خون جگر باشد

Where can the desire of the heart be achieved and where can immortality be found?
These two loving eyes that are on fire due to the blood from the liver

Drinking the blood of liver is a morbid thought that occurs on rare occasions implying the torture and anguish that a lover experiences.

سعدی به خفیه خون جگر خورد بارها

Sadi has tasted the blood of liver secretly numerous times

از جگر خوردن توبه نکنی
زانکه پرورده به خون جگری

Never does repent from eating the liver
One who had been nourished from the blood of liver

The burning that the liver experiences leads to the shedding of tears in an attempt to put out the fire in it.

در آتش سوزنده صبوری که تواند
هر گه که بسوزد جگرم دیده بگرید

Who can remain patient forever when engulfed in fire?
Whenever the liver burns, eyes begin to shed tears.

زان هر نفسی چشم خون جگر افشدند

With each breath my eyes shed the blood from the liver

Allama Muhammad Iqbal has used the symbol of خون جگر in reference to courage and relentless struggle.

نعره زد عشق که خونین جگری پیدا شد
حسن لرزید که صاحب نظری پیدا شد

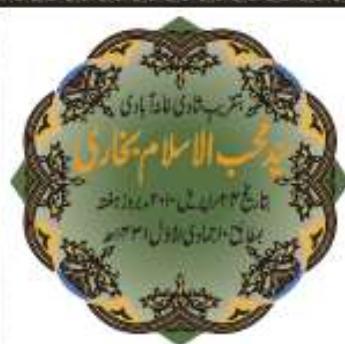
Love called out loudly that the one with a bloody liver has been born
Beauty trembled that the one full of vision has been born

For him the liver represents inner strength that is highly creative

شباب لاله و گل از طراوت جگرم

The youthfulness of tulip and the rose is due to freshness of my liver

From Rumi, Hafiz, Sadi to Ghalib and Iqbal liver is a commonly occurring metaphor representing the lover burning in love to the repository of human toughness, struggle and creativity. The physical manifestations of liver disease seem to have been discovered and described elegantly by the mystical poets long before the medical texts written in the past two centuries.



درہائی، دبیری اس دل زبان سہرے میں ہے جو ادا نوش میں ہے ویسی ادا سہرے میں ہے
 کوئی نیلا کوئی بیلا، سرخ ہے کوئی سفید
 کس قدروش رنگ بچھوں کی قیام سہرے میں ہے
 پچھپ د جائے چاند دلبا اور دہن کو دیکھ کر
 ان کے چھوں کی بچی، خوشنا سہرے میں ہے
 سعدیہ کی یہ صرت، یہ مصباح کی خوشی
 ان کا یہ سرور، یہ عالم کبیت ڈا سہرے میں ہے
 بہشت سے لے اجیہہ آمنہ شیخن و بیعن کی آئیے مبارکہ
 خلد سے دجاہت دشمن کی شامل ڈا سہرے میں ہے
 سمنے لا غیر میں آنا ہو مبارک محبت کو
 نام کی علیمت بھی اب بلو، نما سہرے میں ہے
 ہے مفعتن سے منور آج کی یہ انہن
 کتنا روشن یہ صرت کا دیا سہرے میں ہے
 ٹھر ہے وحیدہ و ثانیہ کی آرزو پوری ہوئی
 کتنے برسوں کی طلب بکھت فرا سہرے میں ہے
 اپنی ہمیشہ کی شادی سے میں شاد مال صفیت و فراز
 پچھو تو احساس پہاٹی بھی پچھاپا سہرے میں ہے
 محبت کی تھیم ہو یا تریت دنوں ہی میں
 شفقت صیحہ کی شامل عطا سہرے میں ہے
 کیوں نہ شاد مال ذیثان و بخت اس لئے
 شامل بھی خنث فخر و ذکر کیا سہرے میں ہے
 سرائیں بھی میں دعا گو، خوش ریہیں دلبا، دہن
 نزہت کی بھی تو یہ شامل صدا سہرے میں ہے